



The Last One



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Chapter 1 by Jasmyne Le

He stepped into the building, every atom of him filled with remorse. The once beautiful city was now nothing but a ghost town. Bones and ashes filled what once had been called life and happiness. The man set down his hat and began to walk in the hollow buildings that had once been so bright and lively.

He entered the grocery, where he used to get the small popsicles from the kind grocer lady who was much too lonely and much too old to be working at such hours but loved to make a small child smile. Then there was the library where the eccentric writer always stayed, creating fairy tales and stories to make everyone smile. Then there was the small boutique where the older and prim shop owner worked, who was often seen as too serious to be messed with but she had her own fun quirks too.

He went finally to the church, the singular church where all the people had gathered together for once and true merriment was possible. Where it was the one place in the town where everyone could be kindly and happy to one another. He remember the songs that used to echo through these now broken walls, the laughter that used to ring through here. Now it stood here, a sole reminder of only a dead past and a lost people's souls. The faded glass was all shattered and broken, the bricks falling apart at the seams, and all the books and memories scattered across the floor, their stories begging to be read and loved once again. He looked at the clock, forever stuck at 1:15.

All of them were gone, dead or had long since died or disappeared from the place. All of his

people wiped out in one single motion, there one day and in the blink of an eye gone the next.

This was all because of him, there was never enough time. He was never fast enough to save all of them. He could have tried to talk

He checked his watch, perhaps he could go back and save them this time. Perhaps he could be fast enough to save all of them.

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